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THIS house has a superior location, being within two minutes walk of the post office and court house; is on a main street running east and west. It has recently changed proprietors and has undergone a thorough renovation and refitting, thus making it equal in its appointments to any first class hotel in the west. Its tables will always be filled with the best market affords. There is a stable, well furnished and convenient connected with the house.
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HEART WISHES.

I would not wear a golden crown,
Nor reign upon a throne;
But o'er one true and loving heart
I would be queen alone.
I would not have a servile throng
Press round to bow the knee;
But one light, free, and eager step
Haste homeward unto me.
I would not have a sumptuous couch,
When pain had laid me low;
But one dear arm to fold my form,
One hand to press my brow.
I would not have proud marble piled
Upon my lowly head;
But simple stone and grassy mound,
And one to weep me dead.
I would, beloved, to thee and me,
The priceless pearl be given,
That thy true heart may meet my own,
And each love each in Heaven.

LIFE AND LOVE.

Life is a garden fair and free,
But 'tis Love that holds the golden key;
For hand and heart
Once held apart,
Life's flowers are dashed with storms of sorrow,
And bloom to-day may be blight to-morrow.
So reckless ever of wind and weather,
Let Life and Love be linked together.
Life is a diamond rich and rare,
But Love is the lustre that danceth there;
For hand and heart
Once held apart,
Life's jewels grow dim in the breath of sorrow,
And diamonds to-day may be dust to-morrow.
So reckless ever of wind and weather,
Let Life and Love be linked together.
Life has a rich and smiling face,
But Love is the dimple that gives it grace;
For hand and heart
Once held apart,
Life's brightest beams are blighted with sorrow,
And roses to-day may be thistles to-morrow.
So reckless ever of wind and weather,
Let Life and Love be linked together.

THE BETTER WAY,

OR A LESSON FOR WIVES.

BY MRS. MARY C. VAUGHN.

I had an elder sister, married while I was yet a little child, who was the most miserable woman I ever knew. She suffered from jealousy; and by long indulgence her jealousy had, so to speak, become chronic. I dreaded her; I dreaded her dreary home, and the very sight of her hapless husband.

Long before my youth should have been sullied by the knowledge of such evil, she had forced upon me the history of what she called her wrongs. For several years I looked upon George Barnard as a monster in human form, who had deliberately destroyed the happiness of an amiable and confiding wife, who loved and trusted him supremely. As I was forbidden to inform my mother of the confidence that had been made me, a long period elapsed before any counteracting influences or statements enabled me to modify my opinion.

Then I learned from my mother that Jane had been for the most part, the author of her own unhappiness. Her nature was suspicious and exacting. Trifles had been magnified into matters of great importance. There had been alternate moods of sullenness and violent reproaches. Jane had talked much of her own rights and her husband's duties, and very little of his rights and her own duties.

This conversation with my mother led to an essential modification of my opinions and views. And I determined, if I should ever marry, to take care that my domestic happiness should not be wrecked by the same error which had destroyed poor Jane's.

I was twenty years of age when I became acquainted with Charles Mallory. Our acquaintance fast ripened into intimacy, and it was not long before we came mutually aware that a warmer feeling than that of friendship existed between us. Very soon after that discovery took place we were engaged, and six months later our marriage took place.

I had not forgotten any of my previous resolutions; indeed, the spectacle of poor Jane's misery would have prevented that, even had I not always been tenacious of any resolves that I had formed.

Charles was an only son, reared in seclusion by a widowed mother, and an early initiate in the business pursuits which were to form the occupation of his life, he had, either acquired or natural, a grave and somewhat subdued manner. He made little demonstration of his feelings. I know that he loved me fervently, but to other eyes he must have seemed almost chillingly reserved even toward me. A true afterglow always, he was not gallant in his attentions to women. He treated them with a distant respect, never lapsing into even a semblance of familiarity. I felt proud of having stirred the profoundest depths of this reserved nature, and my gratitude for all the love he lavished upon me showed itself in a thousand winning ways, which served to make his home a very heaven to him.

And so our happiness flowed on, undisturbed until we had been married nearly two years. Jane, who seemed to have arrived at the belief that evil was a sort of underlying stratum in man's nature which must inevitably crop out at some time, often predicted that our happiness would not last. "Wait," she would say, with looks of dire foreboding. "It is sure to come at last. He will tire of you and his home some day, and then, do what you will, you can never bring him back to his duty. Enjoy your happiness while you may, but prepare yourself for the change that will surely come." I used to laugh or grow impatient with her, but I dreamed of no change. At rare intervals my heart would be momentarily chilled by her forebodings, and then I always renewed my vow that in no case would I allow myself to fall into the sad habit of the indulgence of which she had driven her husband from his home. I am thankful now that I was enabled, not in my own strength alone, to keep this vow in all strictness.

My little Ella was a sickly child, always moaning in pain, and requiring continued and patient attention. My own health suffered from the close confinement entailed upon me, for I dared not entrust her to the most careful servant, and I lost the strength and elasticity that had hitherto enabled me to minister so unceasingly to the happiness of my husband.

I had not cared for society in those first days of unbroken happiness; I wished no one to intrude between me and my love. But now I found myself welcoming, almost with delight, a letter from Isabel Clare, a school friend of mine, reminding me of her promise to visit me after I was married; and informing me that being now ready for the fulfillment of that promise, she would be with me on the following week unless notified that it was inconvenient to receive her at that time.

I was delighted. I certainly could not enjoy Isabel's visit as I wished, but she would be such a companion for Charles, and would make his lonely evenings cheerful once more. Isabel had married, since we had met, a man much older than herself, who had left her a widow within a year. As she was still in her mourning weeds, she had not re-entered society, and I believed her affliction must have toned down her gay spirits to a pensiveness that would suit her well to Charles's grave companionship.

I think I never felt more joyfully than over the thought of Isabel's visit. I replied at once, urging her in the warmest terms to come, and expressing the only regret I felt, namely, that I could not devote myself to her society as I should have wished; but promising her that of my paragon of a husband in exchange.

To my astonishment Charles was not as pleased as I at the prospect of Isabel's visit. An "indiction," he called it, and for the first time since our marriage seemed thoroughly out of temper at the prospect. As my letter had gone, however, there was no remedy; and though Charles railed against Isabel, as one he had heard mentioned most unfavorably as a scheming coquette, I still believed in my friend, and relied upon her to win her way, through Charles's prejudice, to Charles's regard.

A week after her arrival my hopes seemed justified. It had been a very happy week for me. Baby had been less ill than usual, and I more at leisure. Isabel had proved herself charming. The mornings were spent with me in my own room or in the nursery, living over again in our talk the old, pleasant school days, or our after girlish triumphs. In the afternoons I sometimes found time to go out with her, or Charles gave her a drive to some place of interest.

In the evenings, while I strove to hush poor, wailing Ella's cries, she sang and played for Charles, or they diverted themselves with a game of chess or a pleasant book.

Charles brightened under her influence, and acknowledged to me that he had been grossly misinformed in regard to her. He was glad she had come to us, and hoped she would remain a long time. We both entreated her to do so, and not hasten her return to the home of her late husband's mother, where,

she told us in touching, patient sadness, that she was most unhappy.

Pleased to see that Charles no longer seemed lonely or unhappy, I did not reflect that I was now more alone than before. It was Isabel who now accompanied Charles on those pleasant country drives which had done so much to cheer and invigorate me for my exhausting duties. He no longer stole up to sit an hour with me beside the cradle where Ella lay in fitful slumber. When she grew quiet at last, he no longer led me down stairs to enjoy with him the pleasant book, or conversation, or if I were too weary for that, smoothed my pillow and shaded the light that I might rest and repose in comfort. We had now a guest to be entertained, and I was left undisturbed to my duties.

But Jane was not unsuspicious. Coming to call on me one day, she found Charles at the door just handing Mrs. Clare to his carriage. She put on a look of commiseration the instant she entered my presence.

"Well, my poor child it has come at last, I see. You'll believe me now, I suppose. I know too well how to feel for you."

I looked at Jane in surprise. "What are you talking about?" I said. "I don't in the least understand you."

"Oh, that's your game, is it?" Playing unconscious while your heart's breaking. Be it so, if you like. I'll not intrude my sympathy upon you. But I'll give you one piece of advice. Turn that luggage out of doors, before she goes of her own accord and takes your husband with her."

It was out at last. With a great pang at my heart, the vague restless sense of neglect that had possessed me for many days took shape and form. Others had noticed Charles's devotion to Mrs. Clare—there must be something noticeable in it. But I answered bravely—

"I hear your advice, Jane, and am ashamed of you for uttering it and of myself for listening. Let me tell you, once for all, there is perfect confidence between my husband and myself, and Isabel is my friend whom we both delight to honor."

Jane shook her head, sighed, muttered something about a "fool and his folly," and went away much depressed because I refused to be miserable at her bidding.

But her words had left a sting. I sat down beside my sleeping child and wept plentifully. Presently I heard the returning footsteps of the nurse, who had been down to her dinner, and I hastened away to my room, to toss upon my pillow, in a mute but horrible agony, till I heard the trampling of horses in the street and cheerful voices in the hall, which told me that Charles and Isabel had returned.

"I wish you would see that the parlors are lighted, at evening," said Charles, presently coming to my room. "Isabel stumbled against a chair on entering, and I fear has hurt herself severely. And do get up and dress yourself before tea. One likes to see one's wife in a pretty toilette occasionally; besides, I think it due to Isabel."

Turning from me he went hastily from the room, softly whistling an air from one of the operas which I had heard Isabel play for him the previous evening. I missed the accustomed caress and the kind questioning. But I wept more. I rose up and obeyed his suggestion. I was not quite dressed when Isabel came in.

"That husband of yours is a charming gallant," she said gaily. "I wish heaven had made me such a man. I am not pleased that you should have monopolized him before I became the pretty Widow Clare. But good heavens!" she exclaimed, as her lips lightly touched my cheek, starting back, "what is the matter? Have you a fever? How red your eyes look. Don't try to come down. I can make Charles's tea, almost as well as yourself."

"Nothing is the matter," I answered coldly; "I always make tea, and will be down presently. Don't stay for me." I added, for her presence had suddenly grown hateful to me.

As well as I could I effaced the tell-tale redness from my face and went down. Charles asked me, now, if I was not well, and gave me the forgotten kiss. I controlled myself and spent a pleasant hour in the parlors. I resolved anew that I would not be jealous or indulge suspicion. When I had to go up to Ella I went smilingly.

After that, dreary, lonely days rolled on. I could no longer conceal from

myself that I was neglected. I examined my conduct, resolved to exert myself, not alone, selfishly for the salvation of my own happiness, but to save my beloved husband from the snare into which he was falling. I did not believe him guilty as yet, and I meant to save him from becoming so. I think, also, that I did justice to Isabel, but I saw she was what common report had named her, a reckless coquette, fond of admiration, and willing to risk almost anything to obtain it. With all her pretended love for me, no consideration for my peace would, for one moment, deter her in her course.

I seldom saw Charles, now. All the afternoons saw him devoted to Isabel in some scheme of pleasure. I was not asked, or so carelessly that pride forbade my acceptance to them. Every evening they occupied themselves with chess, music, and conversation, and late at night, long after I was supposed to be asleep, they separated, only to renew the same course on the following day. I saw that I must not delay.

One evening after Ellen slept I resolved to go down. It was evident I was not expected. Isabel sat at the piano, Charles's chair drawn close beside her. One faint and rested lightly on the keys, the other was imprisoned in Charles's own, while Isabel leaned forward till her curls swept her cheek.

"Yes, dear friend," I heard her say, as I silently stood upon the threshold, "you have my heartfelt sympathy. Married to a mere domestic machine, a woman whose only talent is for household details, who neglect their kindest of husbands for a puny, sickly babe, who has no sympathy with his tastes or pursuits, but, shut up in her narrow egotism, leaves him to a painful isolation, your case indeed demands sympathy. It is all I can bestow. I wish it were more valuable, more comforting; but it will always be yours. And now, I think I had best return home. No? I must go some day, your tastes lead us into such close communion that the world will talk of us soon. Yes, I think I must go."

"And I think so, also," I said, quietly advancing into the room. "If you could make it convenient to leave in the morning, it would perhaps be as well for all parties concerned. Charles, my dear, can I speak with you a moment? Perhaps Mrs. Clare will bid us good-night now."

My quiet manner and even tones made me mistress of the situation. Isabel Clare rose up and opened her mouth as if to speak, but no words came. She glanced at Charles. His face paled and flushed by turns; he was painfully agitated.

"Alice is right," he said. "She has cause; and though I do not like to appear inhospitable, I cannot help saying that I except your decision."

Lightly laughing, Isabel recovered herself.

"Let it be good-night and good-bye, then. I take the early train, and we will not meet again."

"Breakfast shall be prepared for you. Good-bye, Isabel," I replied.

She left the room, and we have never met since. That night, before we slept, Charles thanked me, and called me his savior. I had no reproaches for him, but I had shown him the pit which yawned at his feet, and, shuddering, he drew back from it. Restored love and confidence soon brought back the banished happiness to our home. There has been no more jealousy, and no more cause for it.

"If Jane had only taken your course," Charles sometimes says to me, "what years of misery might have been saved?"

I don't know that it was the wisest course, but I have never been sorry that I kept my vow, and won my husband back to me by showing him untarnished trust and love, instead of driving him from me by anger and reproaches. Ever since, I have so contrived that my maternal duties do not clash with my duties to my husband, and I think we are not the less happy than if there had been no trial, no temptation, no resistance.

TALLEYRAND once took the conceit out of a young coxcomb at some table in Paris, where he chanced to be dining. "My mother," said the dandy, "was renowned for her beauty. She was certainly the handsomest woman I ever saw." "Ah," taking his measure at once, "it was your father then, who was not good looking."

Be temperate in diet. Our first parents ate themselves out of house and home.